CHAPLET of LEAVES.

by

Jeanie G.

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NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.
Cambridge: Riverside Press.
1869.

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To the

MEMORY OF ONE

WHO, INSPIRED BY THE PUREST PATRIOTISM, CHEERFULLY LEFT EVERY JOY AND COMFORT AT THE CALL OF DUTY, AND, IN THE SULTRY SWAMPS OF GEORGIA, LAID DOWN HIS BRAVE, YOUNG LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY:

TO

THE GALLANT SOLDIER, THE FAITHFUL FRIEND,
THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN,

WHOSE FOOTSTEPS NEVER FALTERED IN THEIR MARCH TOWARD THE ETERNAL CITY,

These simple Poems

ARE DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

This volume was prepared for publication under the supervision of a loving eye, whose smile we shall see no more; and although I do not, therefore, wish to alter any part of it, I feel that I cannot send my little barque forth upon the uncertain waves of public opinion, without inscribing on its prow a name, to me beloved and revered above all of earth — the name of

MY FATHER.

Oaklands, *August* 27, 1869.

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AMONG THE CORN.

Over the brook, one summer day,
A country maiden wended her way,

Down through the lane with lingering feet,
Over the stile where the hay lay sweet.

She startled a robin lurking there,
And its soft wing brushed against her hair.

With restless heart, of sorrow born,
She paused among the waving corn.

Up, where the tall trees sought the skies,
She gazed with weary, troubled eyes,

Gazed, till the sweet brown eyes were dim,
A tender prayer in her heart for him —

Her brave young lover, so far away,
From the blue New-England hills to-day.

She thinks she sees in the glowing light,
The gleam of his sabre, swiftly bright,

And under his jaunty cap, how fair
Those tangled waves of yellow hair.

Ah, no! 'twas only a passing beam
Of the summer sun on the little stream,

And the tasselled corn, as it moved in air,
She fancied were curls of golden hair.

Her brown eyes fill, as she thinks again
Of the battle-field, and its armed men,

Of the cruel strife, and cannon's roar,
And the soft hair stiff and dark with gore!

Over the brook, and down by the stile,
A figure cometh slowly the while;

His cap and coat are of army blue,
Dusty, and worn to a dingy hue,

But his empty sleeve — though a faded rag, —
Tells how he fought for the dear old Flag.

Coming home with the setting sun,
The battle o'er, and his duty done,

Down through the lane, and over the hay,
The happy soldier went on his way; —

Till he saw the silent, waiting form,
Under the elm, among the corn.

Only a moment's kindly grace
Ere he stooped to kiss the dear, sad face,

Only a word — and his story is told,
The sweet love-story that ne'er grows old.

Sorrow and Joy go hand in hand,
Over our beautiful, ransomed land,

Light and Shadow make up the tale
Of pilgrims, here in the thorny vale;

A passing smile from a heart forlorn,
For Love that blossomed among the corn.

HE AND SHE.

They met as pleasant friends might meet,
  Amid a round of dissipation;
They chatted, lounged along the street,
  But never dreamed of a flirtation.

Their tastes, pursuits, were much the same,
  Some lively humour, — quiet wit;
Each knew too well the scorching flame
  To care about its counterfeit.

They played it kindly, not too far,
  Unwise it were to leave a smart;
Too thorough-bred to note the scar
  That either carried in the heart.

The pleasant days full swiftly flew,
  Until, at last, he rose to leave her:
She smiled a careless, calm *adieu!*
  And he, as coolly, doffed his beaver.

"*Toujours sans tache*" — her motto bold,
O'er many close-won fields it flew;
He only thought her very cold,
Nor dreamed that she was — merely true.

Blind! blind! His hand had touched the key
To fountains sealed up long ago,
Where, nestling in Life's troubled sea
Unsullied, slept a heart below.

He went to seek among the fair
Some new sensation, good or ill;
She breathed for him a woman's prayer,
And keeps her pure heart hidden still.

JUNE ROSES.

Softly they smile on the balmy air,
And blush 'neath the yellow moon,
Just as they blushed in her silken hair,
Only a year, this June.

Only a year! but the roses bore
A sweeter fragrance then;
And the lovely smile her red lip wore
Has flown — will it come again?

Gently the music rose and fell,
And the dancers' flying feet
Beat gliding time to the fairy spell
Of the waltz, so sad and sweet.

Did the roses hear the whisper then,
From his lips of bearded bloom?
Telling Love's story over again,
Under the yellow moon!

Ah, me! The roses that blossomed fair
In the glorious light of noon,
Have blushed and died in her golden hair,
Only a year, this June!

Ah! young lord lover, like ruby wine
Was a heart poured forth for you;
But you laid the rose on another shrine,
After you brushed its dew.

So the roses hang in the silent air,
And the past is a dream of pain;
For a woman's heart bears a weight of care: —
Will he ever come again?

MY BARQUE.

My barque is on a lonely sea,
A wintry sky above it,
And no one guides the helm for me,
And no one seems to love it.

The waves dash up upon the bow,
The spray is rising fast;
No loving heart to shield me, now,
Or hide me from the blast.

The barque is drifting on alone,
Upon a dangerous sea;
O, for a helmsman for my own
To guide the barque and me.

God pity all the lonely hearts,
That sigh within the world!
God guide their fragile little barques,
And keep their sails unfurled!

So on the waves of Life's wild sea,
Safe sail their vessels o'er,
To havens where they fain would be;
Then moor them safe on shore.

FIDÈLE.

Say, will you remember when you are away
The eyes now so tearful, the fond lips that pray
For you; and the heart that aches sorely to-day?

The trust and the friendship unbroken for years
Its joys rest in sunshine; in shadow its fears:
And the Past that is hallowed by sorrow and tears.

Say, will you remember the kindness of old?
With the temper of steel, and the brightness of gold,
Unchanging, and constant, it ne'er has grown cold.

I would have you remember me oftenest when
You are weary or sad: — will you wish for me then?
For the smile and caress that would cheer you again.

The love that awoke in the years of the past,
Has burst from its bonds and its fetters at last!
It shines like a star, though the sky be o'ercast.

Take my heart in your hand, but oh! guard it with care:
It is loving and true, as it softly beats there;
And each throb is for you — each pulsation a prayer.

God guide you, my darling! As over the sea
The stately ship sails that will bear you from me,
I wait, and I watch. Hold my heart's golden key.

AFTER THE RAIN.

Dewdrop diamonds under the leaves,
Nestling in the clover,
Merrily gleam in sunshine bright, —
The summer rain is over.

Roses wet with the gentle shower
Rock in the pleasant breeze;
The raindrops scatter now and then
Over the broad oak leaves.

Patter, patter! the large drops fell
Till the sun came out again;
Clover and roses are sweeter now,
After the summer rain.

Come to my arms, my darling,
Tell me thy secret pain;
Over thy life is falling
The gentle summer rain.

Her face is like a rose-bud
Wet by the passing rain,
But my little flower will brighten,
When the sun shines forth again.

O, roses, whisper softly
In my tender rose-bud's ear,
That gentle rain, then sunshine,
Come to us, in the year.

Each, and all are given to us,
Our joy, and weary pain;
For the roses ne'er could blossom
Without the summer rain.

Come to my arms, my darling,
With calmer, brighter brow,
Here is thine own sweet smile, love;
Ah! the rain is over now.

And thou like the pure, white roses,
Shalt bask in the sunny hour,
Sweet one — only the sweeter,
For thy passing summer shower.

THE EMPTY STOCKING.

It was Christmas Eve, and the lighted street
Grew gay with the passers by,
And happy children, with dancing feet,
Were hanging their stockings high.
'Twas Christmas Eve, and the glad New-Year
Was coming, full swift and bright;
But the stars looked down on a picture drear,
That gladsome Christmas night.

It was only a poor and miserable place,
Where you mount up a rickety stair;
Only a woman, with plaintive face,
And a child in a broken chair.
A child, with wonderful eyes of blue,
And tangles of waving hair,
With a ragged stocking, of dingy hue,
Held tight in her fingers fair.

"Dear mother!" The flying fingers stopped,
And the pale, sad woman smiled;
Though a furtive tear on her thin hand dropped,
As she looked at her little child.
"We've fixed up the room, and it looks quite bright
Since you built up the fire with coals,
And I've brought you my stocking, — it's not *just* right,
Do you think you can sew up the holes?

"For it's Christmas Eve, mamma, you know,
And Santa Claus comes to-night;
This never would do for a stocking *so* —
And won't you stitch it up tight?
My stockings used to be nice and white,
But the holes came, I don't know how; —
No matter, mamma, if you're busy to-night,
Perhaps I can manage it now.

"Mamma, what makes you grow pale and weak,
Since that terrible, lonesome day,
When you sobbed and cried as you kissed my cheek,
And my father went away?
You said he had gone for his Country's sake,
To fight for three lonely years; —
Does the Country live upon hearts that break,
And thrive on the orphan's tears?

"What? Isn't there any nice dolly for me?
Mamma, am I naughty to-night?
I'm sure I've been working as brisk as a bee,
If I'm good, he'll be here, all right.
Perhaps he'll bring father from up in the sky,
We want him so badly down here, —
Why, mamma, I believe that I've made you cry! —
Indeed, there is nothing to fear."

With trembling fingers, and tears streaming down,
The little torn stocking was hung;
Poor mother! alone in that bright, wealthy town,
With a desolate heart, sorely wrung.

And sad tears, that rusted the steel as they fell,
While the needle flew fast — tears that burn ;
The Christmas chimes smote on her soul like a knell
As she thought of the bread she must earn.

Up in the blue heavens, the stars looked down,
And the Christmas angels smiled
(As they swept their soft wings o'er the busy town)
On the soldier's orphan child.
While the mother bent low, with a heart of love,
And gazed on the sleeper again,
As her fond, tender prayer winged its flight up above,
Was the torn stocking still empty *then?*

ASUNDER.

Gently she whispered the dear old name,
With a half breathed sigh from her lips it came.
And, just for a moment, the tender light
Of by-gone trust in her eyes grew bright —
"Douglas, Douglas!"

Like a strain of music, sad and sweet,
Like peal of bells in a crowded street,
Up, up from the full heart, soft and low
Rose the memories dear, of long ago:
"Douglas, Douglas!"

But the light has flown, and her eyes are dim,
She has shed so many tears for him.
Little he recks of the torrent's flow;
It's only a woman's heart, you know —
"Douglas, Douglas!"

How calm she looked at the ball to-night,
In her robe of lace, and jewels bright.
Did any one dream of the hollow part
She was acting there, with a breaking heart?
"Douglas, Douglas!"

As the hand of memory all the while
Was laying tears by each sunny smile,
And the *valse à deux-temps* only brought
Again to her lips the unbidden thought; —
"Douglas, Douglas!"

As the band pealed forth a tune he sung,
How the quivering heart responsive rung!
He is far away, on a field of strife,
But she wages a fiercer battle with life.
"Douglas, Douglas!"

Bravely her white lips hush their moan,
As she treads her cheerless path alone.
Hope's flowers were crushed in fairest bloom,
And she lays them down in a quiet tomb.
"Douglas, Douglas!

"LET THE LIGHT ENTER."

(DYING WORDS OF GOETHE.)

Ay, let it enter, who can say
  What light upon the spirit broke?
What radiance of immortal day,
  To which the dying woke?
Again the poet-eye grew bright,
  And smiled to greet the morning ray,
As when, ere evening fades to-night,
  Some rosy cloud glides o'er its way.

Over the vision, in that hour,
  That dreaded hour — the last of earth;
O! who can tell what thoughts have power,
  What lovely, beauteous hopes have birth?
Perchance, some loved one gone before,
  Stands waiting for the parting soul,
To meet it on the further shore,
  And greet it at the distant goal.

So, when the Christian's short'ning breath
  Is dying, with the dawning day,
The spirit at the gates of death
  Waits but the call to pass away;
There cometh to the parting soul,
  Just ere the closing eye grows dim,
Some radiance from that heavenly goal
  Where only angels enter in.

DREAMINGS.

Softly the light falls under the eaves,
Dancing and flickering over the leaves,
And the little birds from their leafy bowers,
Hover o'er and amid the sunny flowers.
Sunlight is streaming o'er river and tree,
Bright are the visions that linger with me.

There rises before me a lovely scene,
That seemed while it passed but a charming dream
Of a beautiful stream, where waving trees
Whispered sweet words to the summer breeze,
Where a youth and maiden sat side by side,
And she blushed, as he called her his little bride.

And she laid her hand on his open brow,
And smiled as she answered his loving vow,
And he, as he tossed back his waving curls,
Wished for diamonds and snow-white pearls,
To deck the brow he thought so fair: —
And the pretty stream smiled on the happy pair.

And another scene, of a cold, wet night,
When the maid was trembling with affright,
And the tears were resting on her cheeks,

At the words her boyish lover speaks;
'Tis the last, last time for many years,
But still to those hearts come no doubting fears.

And the vision is bright that now I see,
For the thought will come of what may be:
Of a little brown church, and the waving trees,
That again shall dance in the passing breeze;
Of the solemn rite that there is done,
A few tears fall—and the twain are one.

Thus dream we on thro' the cares of life:
O, happy are they who forget its strife,
And happy the heart that thus can rove,
Secure in the thought of another's love.
Happy the maiden, and happy the youth,
That thus can trust in each other's truth;
And so trust on, till their race is run,
The goal be reached, and heaven won!

OLD AND NEW.

DECEMBER 31st, 1867.

Only the face of a fair-haired girl,
  Looking out of a velvet case,
Only a perfumed, silken curl,
  Once reft from its hiding-place.

A scrap of paper, a ribbon band,
  A rose-bud, withered and old;
And there, as if dropped from her dainty hand,
  A little plain ring of gold.

The old, old story — but ever new,
  How hearts are bartered and sold,
And the love that swore to be always true
  Is exchanged for jewels and gold!

His sad eyes fall with lingering gaze
  On the fire's flickering light;
As he thinks of her loving, winning ways,
  And his lonely heart to-night.

Pealing out on the midnight air
  Ring chimes for the glad New-year,
And he bows his head with a muttered prayer:
  But the curl is wet with a tear!

JANUARY 1st, 1868.

She stands where the brilliant gaslight falls
  Down over her yellow hair,
And flashing back from the mirrored walls,
  Is the sheen of her jewels rare.

The priceless lace on her fairy form,
  The foot in its satin shoe;
Will diamonds suffice the heart — or warm
  The soul that is frozen through?

She thinks of that summer afternoon,
  And the roses bright and fair;
Alas! they have lost their sweet perfume,
  They have died in the balmy air.

Over her heart, from the distant shore
  Of love, of hope, and life,
Come dreams of the past that is hers no more,
  For another calls her wife.

The old, old story! So years go by,
  And the heart throbs on, still sore;
Do you think we shall know the reason why,
  When we reach the thither shore?

MOONBEAMS.

Softly the moonbeams
  Steal through the trees,
Wafting them to and fro
  On the night breeze,
Casting their silvery light
  Low on the lea,
Whispering of absent ones,
  Softly to me.

There cometh a sadness,
  Like music low,
That tells of ties broken
  And rent long ago.
Whispers of hours,
  Memories divine;
Gone is the master-hand,
  Ruined the shrine!

Transient the happiness
  Given us here,
Born in a moment,
  Nipped when most dear.

Love 's but a dream,
  Its life like a flower,
Though nurtured in sunshine,
  It dies in an hour!

Cold on the young heart
  Falls the sad truth,
Loth to believe it
  Is gay, happy youth.
Would it be better
  Far better, to die?
Than know you're but living
  A consummate lie?

Rest, weary heart,
  Calmly and still,
Content with thy lot,
  If it be Heaven's will.
Bearing thy trial,
  Bruised and cast down,
Perfect thy patient work,
  Wait for thy crown!

LILLY LEE.

All that was fragile, bright, and fair,
A bud that needed tender care,
Whose life was in its sweetness rare.
She was to me:
So kind, so gentle, and so sweet,
A snow-drop was her symbol meet, —
Fair Lilly Lee!

But fifteen summers o'er her sped,
When drooped the darling little head,
And autumn found her cold and dead
In waxen purity;
So meek and calm her features fair
She seemed to be but sleeping there,—
Dear Lilly Lee!

We laid her where the violets grew,
Their tiny, fragrant, blossoms blue
Were fit to bloom o'er one as true
And pure as she!
This comfort to our hearts was given,
A bright child-angel went to heaven.
Sweet Lilly Lee!

MY ROSEBUD.

THREE years ago it breathed perfume
  Upon the summer-air,
I plucked it in its fairest bloom,
  And wore it in my hair.

He stole the little blushing flower
  Beneath the harvest moon,
But, like the brightness of that hour,
  It faded — ah, how soon!

The harvest moon will slowly wane
  When summer days are o'er;
It cannot bring him back again, —
  My flower will bloom no more.

They bid me smile and quaff a drink
  From Lethe's fabled wave,
A shadow falls across its brink, —
  The shadow of a grave!

I see the daisy-covered mound,
  I hear the ocean's roar;
It sings with grand, majestic sound
  His requiem evermore!

But, where the shadow deepest falls,
No spring can ever wake,
For here, within its prison walls,
A dumb heart waits to break.

Love's faded flower! — a sacred thing, —
I hold it, not in vain,
For in the bright Eternal Spring
'Twill burst to Life again.

POUR TOUJOURS.

From its bed of green, as it nestled there,
I gathered a flower, fresh and fair,
Its leaves are bright with the morning dew,
And I bring it, dear, as a token true,
Pour toujours.

I heard a song, as the wind swept by,
With its summer breath to the star-lit sky,
And I caught the notes in their passage fleet,
To charm your ear, and your heart-strings, Sweet,
Pour toujours.

I know a heart that the world calls cold,
Whose trust is steel, and whose love is gold.
As the years glide by, for weal or ill,
It is your's, my darling, and steadfast still,
Pour toujours.

Like snowy pearls in their hidden caves,
That heart throbs on 'neath the changing waves;
And I'll treasure it fondly, by night and day,
Till you come, my love, and bear it away,
Pour toujours.

PARTED FOR AYE.

Two tender hearts with a silken thread
  Were daintily bound one day;
  Perchance her white hand tied them in play,
As the whispered vow was softly said,
  "Loving for Aye."

Two hasty words were spoken in jest
  One glorious night in June,
  And the once fond hearts were out of tune;
With weary pain and a sore unrest —
  Parted for Aye.

In a little grave where the willow weeps,
  Lies a gentle heart, now cold;
  And I sigh in vain for the love of old,
As my blue-eyed darling sleeps!
  Parted for Aye!

OVER THE SEA.

The sun sinks down in the yellow west,
And the twilight falls once more,
The day dies out on evening's breast,
As the waves dash up on the shore.
But day and night are alike to me,
Till my love comes back from over the sea.

O, summer days grow short the while,
And the leaves hang russet and gold;
When Autumn comes, with her harvest smile,
Will she bring me the joy of old?
A message of hope and peace to me,
And the heart I love from over the sea!

Speed fast, O Time! in thy golden tides,
Break, billows, against the shore,
Where a stately ship at anchor rides
And is homeward bound once more:
May fair winds hasten that ship to me
As she brings my love from over the sea!

TENDER AND TRUE, ADIEU!

He stole from its nest in my golden hair
A knot of ribbon blue;
He placed on my hand a jewel rare,
And whispered soft as he held it there
"Tender and true,
Adieu, adieu!"

The almond was bending with blossoms white,
The roses blushed through the dew;
The violet smiled in the glowing light,
And life was happy, and hope was bright: —
"Tender and true,
Adieu, adieu!"

They brought my soldier home to me,
And my knot of ribbon blue;
But the cruel wound on his brow was hid
By the flag draped over the coffin lid!
"Tender and true,
Adieu, adieu!"

The almond flowers in the breezes shake,
The roses still blush through the dew;
But the spring-time of hope can never awake,
And the lone, lone heart will wail till it break!
"Tender and true,
Adieu, adieu!"

ONCE MORE.

Like passing shadows o'er the lea
The days go slowly by with me,
The sun itself forgets to shine
On loneliness so drear as mine;
All that was joy before
Has vanished down life's fleeting stream,
Return, O! lovely, golden dream
Once more!

The harp that sweetest music made
Is silent now, its strings are frayed.
The eye that smiled is dim with tears,
And troubled with a thousand fears,
The patient heart aches sore;
The bird longs for its loving nest,
And pines for shelter on thy breast
Once more!

Forgive! Take up the broken chain,
Too hastily 'twas rent in twain,
The link that snapped at one brief blow.
The soul that throbs with keenest woe
May count its suffering o'er,
If succor cometh from thy hand,
And love unite the shattered band
Once more.

Forget! My woman's hand hath dealt
A wound that thou hast keenly felt,
But in return a rankling dart —
Thy scorn — recoiled upon my heart.
I give the conflict o'er!
A rebel I, and strong of will,
But love me and forgive me still,
Once more.

Or, if thou wouldst pursue the strife,
Know that I hold thy love my life!
Take all; I give with royal hand;
Too long have I assumed command —
My sovereignty is o'er.
No rival power this heart will own;
My king, ascend thy lover's throne,
Once more!

TO L——.

I HAVE a sweet and gentle friend,
With heart as pure, I ween,
As ever throbbed within the breast
Of maiden just sixteen.
She dwells among us like a star
That from its world of bliss
Looks down, yet ne'er receives a stain
From aught it sees in this.

She's joyous as the summer breeze
That whispers past me now,
Though a shade of thought reposes
On her calm and child-like brow.
And mirrored in her dark eyes,
The fair sisters, Love and Truth,
Joined hands long ago, together
With the artlessness of Youth.

I do not know if e'er her heart
Was touched by Cupid's wing;
I rather think she's like myself,
An April-hearted thing.
But when Love's glamour o'er her eyes
His rosy sunshine flings,
O may that sweet heart never find
The fickle god has wings!

Ah! she has reached the joyous time,
The sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each flower and leaf
Is like a glowing page.
And this I know, — she's kind as fair
And loves me passing well;
But who this little maiden is
I do not choose to tell!

MEMORY.

Is Memory, kind Memory, a blessing,
  That brings us so vividly back
To the halcyon pleasures of childhood,
  The fairy-like, golden-bound track?
When life, as it lay in the future,
  Seemed formed but of joy and delight,
When so joyous and buoyant our feelings
  That Sorrow herself could look bright.

O say, is that Memory a blessing,
  Which brings back love's 'wildering dream?
Ere we quaffed to the depths of its sadness
  The draught from Forgetfulness' stream;
That whispers of passionate moments
  When self was forgotten in those
Who were like the hearts in our bosoms,
  A part of our joys and our woes.

For who is so bitter and worldly
  That really would long to forget
Those hours, so pure in their pleasure,
  They thrill on the slumbering heart yet.
What soul is so deadened with trial,
  That hours thus freighted with bliss
Should never be lived o'er by Memory
  In a world that is fleeting as this?

Is that heaven-born power a blessing
  That brings back the long-wept-for dead,
Though earth and green sod may lie o'er them,
  And flowers may bloom o'er their head?
The mother, whose gentle hand led you,
  The baby that crept to your knee, —
O, should they lie dead and forgotten,
  Or cherished and still beloved be?

Would we wish to die and be buried,
  Laid low in inanimate clay,
And feel that in dear hearts we cherish
  No memory lay hidden away?
No love for the lost and the dear ones,
  Who went down Eternity's tide,
Kept bright till we too shall have perished
  And lie low in earth at their side?

Ah! thank God for the blessing of memory,
  Life's purest, most heaven-like power,
That brings back the joy or the sadness
  Alike of a year or an hour.
Be Forgetfulness sought by the many; —
  There's no sorrow that Time cannot nurse:
Yet is Memory always a blessing,
  And never, no, *never* a curse!

THE ROSE OF THE PASTOR'S GARDEN.

I saw her when a tiny girl,
A little fairy thing,
She sported in the rustic porch
Like bird upon the wing.

She used to pick the roses bright
That hung above the door,
And climb along the trellis-work
To hunt and search for more.

She'd roam the woods for linnets' nests,
For every flower that grows,
And reigned a wilful little queen —
The pastor's pretty Rose.

She never knew a mother's care;
Her gayety so wild
But added to the witching grace
That lingered round the child.

I saw her on her bridal eve;
The jewels in her hair,

The lace around her slender form,
Became her beauty fair.

She moved amid the brilliant throng
A beauty, 'mid her peers,
With all the artlessness and grace
Of her sweet sixteen years.

There, in her hour of conscious pride,
As in her calm repose,
I traced the wilful child again —
Our pastor's pretty Rose.

Six years passed on; again I saw
That well remembered face;
Where were the silks and jewels now —
The childish, happy grace?

Within a hovel, lone and poor,
Where evil thrives and grows,
Low on a wretched bed of pain
I found the pastor's Rose.

The wilful child, the girlish bride,
Her beauty was her bane;
Would she were playing in the porch
With roses red again!

I saw her bright eyes close in death,
I smoothed her golden hair,
And in the tiny, marble hand,
I placed a rosebud fair.

Now many a sunbeam, warmly bright,
And many a winter's snows
Have lain above the little grave,
Where sleeps the pastor's Rose.

TO ——.

You bid me "write" — ah! can you chain
  The waywardness of thought,
Or Fancy's fickle flight restrain
  How and whene'er you ought?

For Fancy is a restless thing,
  As coy, and changeful too,
As ever was the rosy god
  When first he comes to woo.

There is a hidden depth of thought
  That slumbers in the heart,
O'er which the rays of Fancy play —
  It lies a thing apart.

You've seen the heaving ocean lie
  Beneath an autumn sun,
Its waters foaming clear and high
  Just ere the day is done:

But have you ever paused to think
  Of all the lonely caves
That slumber far beneath the brink
  Of those gay, rippling waves?

Life glides along, and down its tide
Our barks sweep lightly by,
And little think the lips that smile
Too often hide a sigh!

You bade me "write a sonnet fair,
In Fancy's playful rhyme;"
O! will you look beneath the wave
And choose a thought of mine —

A wish, that ever when you roam,
Through scenes of joy or care,
A heavenly Power guide you home?
Then make the thought a prayer!

But summer days grow short the while,
We voyagers hasten by,
And sunset sheds a parting smile
That falls o'er you and I!

We part — but with you still remains
A woman's thought — a prayer;
Fulfil your noblest, highest aims,
Be steadfast, everywhere!

BRISÉE.

We sat on the gray beach, you and I,
That sweet summer afternoon,
Watching the tints of the golden sky,
Hearing the grand old tune

Of the bright waves, dashing in curling foam
Over the sands at our feet,
And they caught the hue of the sunlit dome
With each changing, restless beat.

We had been so happy, you and I,
And now — ah! God pity us all!
Beyond us, life's ocean and clouded sky,
Between us, a frozen wall!

My love, my darling, hearts do not break,
Or mine were a lifeless thing;
Alas! for the by-gone hopes that awake,
And the gnawing pain they bring.

Between us a wall — a gulf, if you will —
Which not you nor I can pass;
I know how you loved me — you love me still:
And I? I am true, alas!

Did you think to deceive with the tale you told,
She who on your breast has lain?
Why, your white lips shook, and your hand grew cold,
But you lied to save me pain.

Ah! yes; we are parted, you and I —
But farewell is so hard to say!
The sun has faded from yonder sky,
And storm-clouds glide over the way.

Place your hands in mine, and your lips close — here,
Go now, love! 'Tis broken and o'er;
See, down in the sands is a grave deep and drear,
Where the ocean rolls on evermore!

SONG OF THE SEA-SHELLS.

FIRST SHELL.

"In our wave-arched caverns deep,
We our nightly vigils keep;
Sisters, while the tempest rages,
And the weary sailor wages
Battle with the stormy main,
Loud beseeching aid in vain,
And the breakers roar so long,
Sing we thus our murmuring song:"—

ALL.

"Break, O billows, as ye roar
On the distant rock-bound shore;
Safe on coral beds are we,
'Neath the restless, deep, blue sea.
While the storm-cloud bursts on high,
Chaunt we here a lullaby—
Lullaby!"

SECOND SHELL.

"In the night that now is past,
In the tempest's fiercest blast,
As I rocked within my shell,
Drifted slow above my cell,
Beauty, cold and still in death,
Closed her eyes and hushed her breath."

ALL.

"Sing we now a solemn dirge,
Let it echo o'er the surge;
Form so lovely, pale and fair,
Marble limbs and floating hair,
Peerless maiden, 'reft of breath,
Loved in life and mourned in death —
Lullaby!"

THIRD SHELL.

"As I sat the fierce night long,
Whispering my sweet sad song,
As the wild waves rose and fell,
Down there came into my cell —
Clasped within each other's arms,
Waking me with wild alarms —
Childish truth and wisdom sage,
Budding beauty, wrinkled age."

ALL.

"Sleep, fair babe, beneath the surge,
While we moan thy passing dirge;
Man of years, and infant fair,
Ye are far beyond our care.
As the storm-cloud bursts on high
Chaunt we here thy lullaby —
Lullaby!"

FOURTH SHELL.

"In the wild night past I woke
As the raging tempest broke

And I saw a gallant ship,
While her crew, with trembling lip
Sought in vain their ship to save,
From the greedy, yawning wave,
Wreathed that ship with flames of fire
Like a grand funereal pyre!"

ALL.

"Mourn we for the gallant crew,
Would we could their fate undo!
But they only reach our arms
Still and safe from all alarms.
Break, O billows, as ye roar
On the distant rock-bound shore,
While the storm-cloud bursts on high
Chaunt we here a lullaby —
Lullaby!"

SNOW-FLAKES.

A MIST lies over the distant hills,
The blue is hidden by gray,
And soft o'er all
The snow-flakes fall,
On the eve of a winter day.

Crowned with coronets pure and white,
The tall pines breathe a sigh
To the murmuring blast
As it rustles past —
A sigh for the days gone by.

Under the earth where the flowers sleep,
There cometh a wailing moan;
And the violets dear
Drop a silent tear
For the summer hopes now flown.

Gone with the flowers, the passing flowers,
With the lovely of earth at rest;
Soft o'er his brow
Lie the snow-flakes now!
But our Father knoweth best

And Spring will come with her radiant face,
To herald the summer hours,
In each shady nook
The silver brook
Will sing to the sweet wild flowers.

The snow may seem like a vanished dream,
When the grass grows on the hill,
But its flakes will fall,
Like a phantom pall,
On our quivering heart-strings, still!

MY LITTLE LADY-LOVE.

Ah! she's a pretty torment,
This lady-love of mine,
Now laughing, and now pouting,
Her blue eyes gayly shine;
Although she loves me dearly,
This lady-love of mine!

She's such a dainty fairy,
With curly, dancing hair,
Her lips are like a rose-leaf,
A lily 's not so fair, —
Her eyes are deepest violet,
Both beautiful and rare.

Ah! she is right bewitching,
And well she knows it, too;
And, that from any one but her
Tormenting would not do:
I would not take such pouting
From any one less true.

Ah! she's a wilful torment,
This lady-love of mine;
I would not change her flouting
For anything divine.
Ah, no! I'm well contented
With this lady-love of mine!

A HAUNTED HEART.

Cold, phantom fingers
  Rest on my hair,
Icily lingers
  A kiss on the air.

Once 'twas a tender
  Kiss, — now so cold!
Ah! I remember
  Its passion of old.

Shadows are falling
  Down over her form;
Nothing can brighten it —
  Nothing can warm!

Why was I cruel?
  Why was I cold?
Dear, are you crying
  Now under the mould?

Is it rain, dripping
  Fast on my head,
Or your tears calling
  Me back to my dead?

Night falleth heavily
  Over my heart,
Still she is with me —
  She will not depart!

Leave me alone with her,
  Pleading in vain;
Every night cometh
  My lost love again!

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

'Twas where the limpid river ran
The moss-grown stones among,
And the forest trees to the evening breeze
Their joyous anthem sung.
I can see that shining river still,
When I close my weary eyes,
For where'er I roam, my childhood's home
Is a dream of Paradise.

Where our merry gushing laughter rang
Through the casement and the door,
And our childish feet with their patter fleet,
Made music on the floor.
I can hear that merry music still,
When I close my weary eyes,
For where'er I roam, my childhood's home
Is a dream of Paradise.

The little sister with sweet blue eyes,
The baby, with golden hair,
And the boys' wild shout, as they gathered about
The wide old hearth-stone there.
I can see them 'round the hearth-stone still
When I close my weary eyes,
For where'er I roam, my childhood's home
Is a dream of Paradise.

The boys are gone through the silent vale,
And the baby's hair grown gray,
While the daisies bloom on my father's tomb,
And the twilight falls o'er day.
But I see their darling faces still,
As I close my weary eyes,
For where'er I roam, my childhood's home
Is a dream of Paradise.

JET AND SILVER.

One is a lovely, raven curl,
Given to me when a tiny girl,
The other, soft and silver white,
I took from his darling head to-night.

Ah! raven curl, what memories rise
Of a noble brow and hazel eyes;
Sweet eyes, that looked with tender pride
Such loving things to a bonnie bride!

A laughing baby with eager glee,
Dancing and crowing on father's knee,
Pulls at his curls — O dear, what fun,
If the rosy hands catch hold of one.

Other babies, as bright and fair,
Have pulled, and played with, his curly hair.
Other children, whose hearts are sore,
Will long for the smile that comes no more!

Though the rolling years speed swiftly past,
And the raven curls grow gray at last,
And the blue-eyed baby has passed away —
A girl's hand plays 'mid the curls to-day.

O, silver curl, you're dearer to me
Than the raven hair can ever be.
From his snowy temple that lock was shred —
The others repose on his slumbering head.

The courtly greeting, the gentle smile,
Where the loving heart shone sweet the while ; —
Dear tender heart, that the angels bore
In the quiet dawn to the golden shore.

Lips cannot utter, nor language tell,
What broken hearts are saying too well !
Only God knows of the sunshine hid
With the silver curls, 'neath that coffin lid !

When my earthly race is almost o'er,
When my tired feet near the heavenly shore,
I know I shall see those silver curls,
As my father's hand clasps his darling girl's !

DRIFTING APART.

How did the shadows come? I cannot tell;
With noiseless step the dark'ning twilight fell.
Out of our lives, which seemed so glad and bright,
Drifted the sunshine, and behold! 'twas night.

A bitter night of cruel, icy cold,
Whose hours have made my heart grow faint and old;
A night of tears, of anguish, and of woe, —
A woman's soul alone could suffer so.

We drift apart; not wrenched by sudden shock,
I cannot see the hidden, sunken rock;
I sit down calmly, and I make no moan,
I bear my hunger and my grief alone!

Sail on, O barque, that floated once with me,
And leave me here to buffet with the sea.
Remember — when dark storms o'ercast thy sky —
How I have loved thee! Darling, say good-by.

BROKEN THREADS.

Only a broken thread!
Dropping out of life's tangled skein,
Soiled with anguish and fever-pain,
Trodden down in the careless strife,
The bustle and weariness of life.

Only a broken thread!
Hopes, perchance of a happy past,
Drifting away on a wintry blast.
Dreams, from a distant golden shore;
Kisses, our lips will feel no more!

Only a broken thread!
Far in the future's dim expanse,
Over the shadows, the sunbeams glance.
The broken threads we trample down,
May be the stars of a victor's crown!

YOU AND ME.

The snow-clad hills are gleaming bright
  Beneath a winter's sky,
Touched with a changing golden light,
  As rosy clouds glide by.
And o'er the river's frozen breast
The falling shades of evening rest;
Upon the ear faint ring the chimes
Of other years and happier times, —
The frolics and the blithesome glee
Which life has held for you and me.

My rhyming sprite still holds the pen
  Of love, grown bright and dear,
Nor e'er forgets fond wishes, when
  Time tells each rolling year.
It paints in thoughts of radiant hue,
The words, the smiles, the friendship true,
The love which we can ne'er forget,
Whose sun arose, nor yet has set,
But shines unclouded, fair and free,
Still bright'ning life for you and me.

That love, through all the changes past,
  Has ridden o'er the storm,

What matter, were the skies o'ercast?
Its pulse beat true and warm.
No hasty words could break the spell
That joined our hearts so fond and well;
No broken links in that fair chain,
For you to bind or me to strain;
Though all unlike our natures be,
It matters not to you and me.

A year ago I wished you well
In merry, joyous rhyme;
To-night, another theme must swell
This saddened soul of mine.
A chord, 'round which my heart was strung,
Now mingles with the anthem, sung
By seraphs. O'er this weary strife
He soars, and strikes the Harp of Life: —
Its golden strings we dimly see,
A beacon-light for you and me.

God send my darling happy hours,
In this, our coming year,
God strew her onward path with flowers
And spare her eyes a tear.
In world so transient as is this,
We may not hope for perfect bliss,
But this we know, — our friendship dear
Grows warmer each succeeding year;
God grant its rays may brighter be
When heaven shall dawn for you and me!

SEVEN YEARS.

It does not seem so long, so long,
  Yet down the aisle of time
I've seen so many shadows glide, —
The rising and the ebbing tide
  Have both been mine,
    Since seven years.

The flowers still bloom as sweet and fair,
  The grass grows just as green;
The grand old ocean chants its tune,
As sweetly as that day in June.
  Do I but dream
    'Tis seven years?

My hair is just as golden still,
  My heart, alone, grown gray;
Slow falling tears my eyelids wet, —
The eyes beneath are azure yet,
  Though echoes say
    "'Tis seven years."

The sun has never shone so bright
  Since then; our joy was fleet;
Yet standing here, once more I see

Dear eyes still looking love for me!
I've mourned you, Sweet,
Since seven years.

O, soul that clung so close to me,
O, heart so fond and true,
O, love so tender, half-divine,
That once was mine, ay, wholly mine;
We've said adieu,
Since seven years!

MY AIN INGLESIDE.

'Tis a sma' wee hame, on a sunny lea,
Where the gowans blossom fair to see,
And the western wind, sae fresh and fleet,
Whispers a song baith dear and sweet.
"Softly down the shadows fall,
On the vine-clad cottage wall;
By the burn's swift bosky tide,
Is my ain, ain Ingleside."

In that tiny hame, through its lowly door,
A toddling baby crosses the floor,
And a winsome lassie, wi' soft blue ee,
Waits wi' a loving kiss for me.
"Softly down the shadows fall,
On the vine-clad cottage wall;
By the burn's swift bosky tide,
Is my ain, ain Ingleside."

O, the rich may roll in their coaches fine,
They've nae a hame or a hearth like mine;
A hame, though 'tis lowly, rustic, and sma'
Where a trusting love illumines a'!
"Softly down the shadows fall,
On the vine-clad cottage wall;
By the burn's swift bosky tide,
Is my ain, ain Ingleside."

A SONG OF JUNE.

I.

An oriole sings in the maple tree,
And a linnet over the door,
While a breath of summer comes to me
From the beautiful river shore.
That shore, where the snowy pebbles lie
Soft kissed by the wavelets' crest,
Where the blue and gold of the evening sky
Shine fair on the water's breast.

II.

The red rose sendeth a perfume sweet
From her passionate heart on high,
The delicate clover under my feet
Lifts its dainty head to the sky.
The tall white lilies bend to the breeze,
And the violets whisper soft
To a humming-bird in the tulip-trees,
That flutters brightly aloft.

III.

But down near the meadow-side I wait
For a step I used to know,
With wistful heart, near the little gate,
Where the bright-eyed daisies grow.

'Tis weary waiting. The roses and I
Are grown tired this afternoon;
O, lilies, lifting your fair heads high,
Do you think he will come this June?

IV.

O, rose, betray not my waiting here;
Sweet clover, my secret keep;
And, violet, if you have caught a tear,
You must not tell him I weep.
I'll leave the daisies a little smile,
And the river a tender tune, —
O, treasure my welcome well awhile,
If you think he will come this June.

DOLLY'S SHIP.

Dolly sits rocking in grandma's chair,
With a ray of sunshine on her hair:
But eight years old is the pretty elf,
Chatting briskly away to herself;
Her rose-bud lips have a wilful pout, —
And what is Dolly talking about?

"Grandma, let Freddy go down to-day
To the Orphans' Fair, at Fothergay.
O, dear! I couldn't go to the fair,
Because I haven't a dress to wear.
And grandma says she has none for me
Until her ship comes over the sea.

"I wonder where grandma's ship can be?
Its always 'coming,' it seems to me,
For she only laughs and pats my hand,
And says, that 'Dolly don't understand.'
I wonder if little girls like me
Have ships that sail on the great big sea?

"If my ship was only sailing home,
What lots of beautiful things should come:
A knife, a ball, and a top, for Fred,

And a big trunk full of ginger-bread,
A doll like those Fred saw at the fair,
With curls all 'round, of real true hair.

"A grand new sun-bonnet made of blue,
And for Sundays, I guess, a pink one too;
A set of jack-stones, new and bright,
And a little bantam hen, all white;
Two pigeons, a pussy full of play,
And a kite that *never* would fly away.

"For grandma, a great soft easy-chair,
And nice gold specs, that she'd like to wear.
A horse and a little pony-chay,
And a black silk dress for every day,
And I wouldn't have any *no's* I guess;
The grandmas on my ship all say *yes*.

"But O, it's ever so far to the sea,
Perhaps my ships will never find me.
I 'spose I'm too little a girl, — O, dear!
There's only a tiny brook 'round here,
And that is crooked as it can be,
And I don't believe it runs to the sea.

"Grandma is washing this afternoon. —
I hope her ship will hurry up soon.
I wish I'd gone to the Orphans' Fair,
Just for a peep at the fine show there;
I wonder how ginger-bread will keep
On board my ship."— Hush! Dolly 's asleep.

Like Dolly, we wonder o'er and o'er
If our treasure-ships will reach the shore.
O, waiting hearts, wherever ye be,
Watching for ships from over the sea,
Trust to the Master who stills the wave,
To keep those ships from a lonely grave.

A WOMAN'S IDEAL.

I know a face
That bends above me in my dreams:
The eyes are hazel, tender, soft, and bright,
The lips firm set, clear cut; they tell
Of well-trained hope, of patience, dear and sweet,
Whose perfect lesson has been nobly learned
With innate grace.

I know a mind
To which mine own bows gladly down:
Its wealth is varied, days of precious toil
Have borne their fruit abundantly.
Like a fair marble, 'neath the sculptor's hand,
Each hour gives added lustre unto those
It leaves behind.

I know a soul
Whose earnest purpose throbs with life,
Who, strong in strength that soars above the earth,
Looks over every petty thing.
Thus, undisturbed by failure, presses on
O'er life's well-trodden pathway, upward still
To heaven's goal!

I know a heart
That folds me close within its own
Deep tenderness. Who loves me, not too well
To see my faults, but only holds
Me dearer for them, helping me to rise
Above the clouds. Dear one, with hand in thine
I'll do my part!

DITES LUI.

You may often hear its passion
From fairer lips than mine,
Sung in rare, bewitching fashion,
As her eyes look love divine.

You may hear its music stealing
Like a subtle, hidden spell,
All the olden time revealing, —
Will you love her then as well?

You may hear its simple measure,
And your spirit's low replies;
It bore you a true heart's treasure,
A heart too pure to be wise.

I have sung that song, my dearest,
With a loving, loyal heart,
And its notes will echo clearest
When our lives are far apart.

I know, no matter who 's singing,
After the passage of years,
You'll hear but that echo ringing,
And your eyes will fill with tears.

You'll think of the little fingers
That stole through the simple air;
Ah, me! If a memory lingers,
Will you chide my being there?

Though we've drifted apart forever,
And I to your past belong,
You'll find that you cannot sever
The thought of me from my song!

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

Through the tiny rift of a golden cloud,
  Between the sunbeams fair,
I see the smile of her tender eyes,
  And a gleam of chestnut hair, —
Her beautiful, flowing chestnut hair,
And her dear child's face, just over there.

At the close of day, ere the dew-drops bright
  Had fallen the roses o'er,
With a lily upon her sinless heart,
  She passed to the other shore.
A lovely smile on her lips so fair, —
A greeting for those who are over there.

Did they meet her, perchance, with kisses dear
  For her little rosebud face?
Did she go with those she loved so well
  To her own sweet resting place?
Or hover around the white throne, where
The dear Christ dwelleth, just over there?

I hear sometimes the songs that she sung,
  And wonder with dewy eyes,
If she sings them now with gladsome heart,

Up there, in the golden skies;
Their rhythm floats on the silent air
Through the azure rift, just over there.

Through the tiny rift of a golden cloud,
Beyond the sunbeams fair,
I send a smile to her loving eyes,
A kiss for her chestnut hair,
Her beautiful, flowing chestnut hair, —
My darling waits for me, over there!

"The lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning."

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

IN TIME OF WAR.

The hazy glow of a summer's day
  Lies soft on the pleasant shore;
And the fragrant smell of the new-mown hay
  Creeps up to the cottage door.
The lilies lift their stately heads,
  And the roses shake in the breeze
That passes over their perfumed beds,
  And rustles the forest leaves.

The sun's warm light is in Bessie's hair,
  As she rapidly knits away,
On the tiny sock, with a matronly air,
  So quaint that it looks like play.
She talks to herself as she rocks her chair;
  And the baby, with grave surprise,
Peeps out from beneath its tangled hair,
  With wondering, great, blue eyes.

"Ah! Harry, a weary while has passed,
  Since the day you said 'Good-bye;'
The harvest time is coming at last,
  And the bearded wheat is high.
The tall corn waves in the setting sun,
  And the river sings its tune;
But I'm weary for you, my darling one,
  On this bright, calm afternoon.

"Brother John is down in the field to-day,
I can see his sharp scythe gleam
(He has been so kind since you went away),
And I sit here dear, and dream, —
Dream, while our little 'Baby Nell'
Is creeping close to my feet;
She knows your picture now, quite well,
And grows so pretty and sweet.

"But I think of you, as the blue waves curl,
And splash on the quiet shore;
And I wish you were here with your baby girl,
And your little wife, once more!
Do you think of us often, Harry dear,
As your proud ship cuts the foam?
Do you ever shed a longing tear
For the fair New England home?

"Wild rumours come to me, morning and night,
And they make me pale and wan;
For I dread to hear of the fearful fight,
If FARRAGUT'S moving on!
And I'm haunted, every day, by the roar
Of the guns you told me about;
And I see your fair hair dabbled with gore,
That my tears cannot wash out!"

Far away the sun shines brightly, where in battle-line array,
The fleet is sailing proudly on the waves of Mobile Bay, —
Filling all the air with splendour, since the summer day began,
Till it falls with golden glory, where the HARTFORD leads the van.

The sullen thunder bellows from the grim forts on the shore,
And the iron monsters answer with the booming cannon's roar;
While the summer landscape darkened on the land and o'er the sea,
With storm of shot and bursting shells, a funeral canopy!

He stood beside his loaded gun, his brave heart beating high, —
It was no thought of danger that dimmed his bright blue eye:
A picture passed before him — how bright, how quickly o'er, —
Of the fair New England homestead, with Bessie at the door.

What lion hearts were there that day, so fearless, staunch, and true!
While FARRAGUT was "at the fore," no faltering in the crew.
For hours the fiery combat raged: they fell, but at their guns!
COLUMBIA, weave a wreath of bays for thy heroic sons!

Hurrah! the rebel banner's down! O, joy, the fight is done!
Send up the glorious stripes and stars, another victory 's won!
The beaten foe have bowed their heads, their prowess all in vain —
Brave tidings for the hearts at home! Boys, cheer the flag again!

Alas, one heart, as brave and true as ever throbbed with life,
Is silent now, he passed away the foremost in the strife;
As if asleep his eyelids fall, but fall to rise no more;
The soft fair curls above his brow are darkly set with gore.

Go, wind the flag around his breast, and lay him in the deep;
The sun will shine above his bed, no storm will break his sleep,
The waves above him soft will play, or white crests sparkle high,
And tinted shells will sing for him the deep sea's lullaby!

Far in the ocean caves he sleeps,
Till the last great trump's awaking, —
But the baby lies where the willow weeps,
And the mother's heart is breaking.

"THE GREAT REPUBLIC IS NO MORE!"

London Times.

"The Great Republic is no more!" — who dares the falsehood tell?
O! cometh it from that brave land that we have loved so well?
In this, our darkest hour of need, they give no helping hand, —
Nought but a scornful taunt have we from this, our motherland.

The spirit of the Puritans is echoing from their graves,
Go! bear the answer back again across the briny waves:
Our glorious standard proudly still is floating on the main,
And they who wore our Fools-cap once, may wear it once again!

But once that flag dishonour knew; but once its stars grew pale,
When shot from Southern traitors' hands around it flew like hail.
O shame! The flag that never yet, in fair and equal fight,
Has fallen, fell at Sumter then! — A nation wept the sight!

The fire that lit at Lexington, and blazed on Bunker Hill,
Has never died! Deep in our hearts its flames were smould'ring still; —
When Sumter's cannon gave them breath, from East to West they flew,
And marching myriads shook the land, — its guardians stern and true.

Go! read the list of noble hearts, the brave, the young, the fair,
While gray-haired veterans grasp the sword — proud names are written there.
Scott, Wool, McDowell, led the van, and Lyon bravely died,
Banks, Anderson, and gallant "Phil." with many a one beside.

And not upon the land alone, but nobly on the wave,
Our gallant sailors fight and die, the bravest of the brave.
All honor to our seamen bold, both officers and men,
And when once more their turn shall come, they'll win the day again!

New England hearts are bold as free, and Western hearts are brave,
They'll drive the traitors from the field, or find a soldier's grave.
Again upon those ramparts gray, from whence, alas, it fell,
Our nation's flag upon the breeze shall float as proud and well.

O shame, Old England, to forget how once across the main,

We gave to Ireland's starving lips the wealth of Western grain!
But now in this, our trial time, "King Cotton" has your ear,
And bow they low at Mammon's shrine who never bowed to fear!

Take back the insult from our name, you've sent us o'er the sea;
Respect a nation rich and great, a nation bold and free: —
For when the storm of rebel strife and civil war is o'er,
The GREAT REPUBLIC then will rise still greater than before!

MY TWO.

The golden sunlight lingers on their faces, hard and brown,
As file on file of gallant troops come marching through the town,
While Freedom's banner floats on high from belfry, roof, and dome,
And full hearts shout a glad "Hurrah!" to bid them "*Welcome home!*"

I scarce can see their faces for my bitter, blinding tears,
I can only sob a greeting, while the crowd are giving cheers.
A thousand hearts throb gladly, mine aches with grief and care,
The troops are marching home again; but Willie is not there!

My two! On Freedom's altar I humbly laid them down,
Husband and son went forth to die. They wear the martyr's crown.
The loathsome dens at Salisbury! their tales of horror told
How Edward pined his life away. It made me gray and old.

But Willie was his mother's pride, his mother's only son;
He was so bright and beautiful, my darling, precious one!

I see him, as two months ago he stood with eager joy,
And showed his new-made captain's bars,— my curly-headed boy!

Ah, me! he fell at Petersburg. Just ere the day was won
A rebel bullet found his heart, whose life seemed but begun.
They brought me home a soft brown curl; I have it safely here, —
My Willie slumbers 'neath the sod, and life is very drear.

Yet glorious shadows seem to stand in every vacant place,
Where late they stood who now lie low. I see each absent face —
Responsive to the muster-roll, hear, as the lines advance,
The answer for La Tour D'Auvergne, First Grenadier of France: —

"*Dead on the field of battle!*" Ay! remember well each name,
The patriots of the rank and file who lived unknown to fame.
I gave my country all I had, the old but simple story,
My two! the lonely widow's mites. Give them their crowns of glory!

"QUI TRANSTULIT SUSTINET."[1]

The Pilgrim Fathers planted it, a tiny, fragile vine,
To rear amidst the wilderness its tendrils small and fine.
They planted it beside a tree, a brave and sturdy oak:
"Qui transtulit sustinet!" — 'twas thus the Pilgrims spoke.

Prophetic words! though years have passed we catch their murmur still,
They echo back to waiting hearts, o'er river, dale, and hill.
The charter Oak has bowed its head; alone the vine remains,
The Power that once transplanted it, that Heavenly Power sustains!

Go! bind the motto on thy shield, O, grand old loyal State;
Thy sons are in the tented field, with pride we watch and wait.
The loyalty that never fails, the dauntless hearts and true,
Were nursed beneath that noble vine, among thy mountains blue.

The sun shines on their sabres bright, in Southern camp and field,
And traitors know those lion hearts will die, but never yield!

[1] Motto of Connecticut.

E'en when in dungeon depths they lie, in suffering and pain,
Of them the taunting foe may say, " *Those* men will not complain."

Ay! when the mighty call came forth, for succour and for aid,
Thou, loyal State, still staunch and true, hast generous answer made;
And not thy sons alone reply, but woman does her part,
And takes the pen and needle up, to work with all her heart.

And now, though war has rent the land, O, keep your faith yet bright,
A mighty cause hangs in the scale. God arms you for the fight.
COLUMBIA weeping, mourning stands; O, shall she weep in vain?
The God of Battles be your guide! The Lord of Hosts sustain!

Fight on, then, noble, gallant hearts, for you we watch and pray,
Pray as the Pilgrim Fathers did. God guard you in the fray!
Fight on! nor doubt that Liberty triumphant still will reign,
God planted it our birthright dear! TH' ALMIGHTY WILL SUSTAIN!

"PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA." [1]

"Pro Patria et Gloria!" the war-trumpet sounded,
And far o'er America's mountains it rung,
From East and from West the proud answer responded
With clarion notes to the song that it sung.

"Pro Patria!" The winds and the breezes they bore them,
Those glorious words for the rallying cry;
"To arms! wear the bays as our forefathers wore them,
Let Liberty reign, or Columbia die!"

"Pro Patria!" How oft from the lips of the dying
That whisper has fallen 'mid battle and din,
Or hospital wards heard the fevered breath sighing,
"Pro Patria et Gloria!" their grand funeral hymn!

"Pro Patria!" Three years has Columbia wept them,
Those heroes who die, who endure for her sake;
Their names cannot fade! In our hearts we have kept them
With sorrow and gratitude ever awake.

Though we mourn for the dead, O, remember the living,
For far from those hospital wards comes a cry,
"O, kindred at home, 'tis for you we are giving
Our health and our life-blood; O, help, or we die!"

[1] This poem and the one preceding it, were written for the Sanitary Fairs.

O, dastard the hearts that refuse the petition,
O, craven the spirit that heeds not nor cares;
O, say, is it not for our homes they are fighting!
And "Pro Patria et Gloria" *our motto*, as theirs!

We women, who cannot go forth in the struggle,
Who tremble at home for the dear ones afar;
With hearts torn by grief or by wearisome trouble,
We say, "Come and see what we've done for the war!"

The gun and the sabre go forth with our brothers, —
Our fathers, our husbands, have gone to the field;
But their daughters, their sisters, their wives, and their mothers,
Wrote the noble "Pro Patria!" *first* on each shield!

"Pro Patria!" The words are the clarion of duty;
Give aid and give money. Our work is not done
Till Columbia stands in her old peerless beauty, —
"E pluribus unum!" *still* "Many in one!"

THE FLAG OF THE CUMBERLAND.[1]

MEMENTO MORI! ever wave
  Above the vessel's wreck;
Keep the proud ensign o'er their grave,
  Who manned the fated deck.

Not in a fair and equal fight
  With traitorous rebel band:
The day was calm, the sunshine bright,
  When sunk the CUMBERLAND.

But lion hearts were there that day
  In death's last struggle true;
And staunch and well they fought the fray, —
  That gallant, faithful crew!

Before the iron monster's keel
  Were crushed her timbers brown,
But one grand gun gave parting peal,
  As the CUMBERLAND went down.

Columbia weepeth many a tear
  O'er her heroic sons,
And well may they fall proudly here, —
  These dead, *died at their guns!*

[1] For more than a month after the ship went down, the stars and stripes were left floating on the mast-head.

Their bones are whitening fathoms deep
  Within the ocean caves,
They lie, in quiet, dreamless sleep,
  Beneath the surging waves.

Then let the war-stained flag yet wave
  Above those dauntless tars;
The banner that they died to save, —
  The grand old Stripes and Stars!

"OUR BRAVEST AND BEST — WHERE ARE THEY?"

Ask not, — the lonely hearth-stone tells,
Too plain, the mournful story:
Gone in their beauty and their pride,
To swell the ranks of glory.
Scarce any home that has not now
Some vacant, lonely chair;
Look! in the forward battle-line, —
Our bravest all are *there!*

They'll tread again the gory steps
Our fathers trod of yore;
Avenge the sacred blood that dyed
The stones of Baltimore.
To shake from off our banner's fold
The dust that on it lay;
God takes his mighty cause in hand,
God guides them on their way!

We've sent our best and bravest forth
To these unholy wars;
To lift our country's flag again, —
The glorious stripes and stars!
To fight as gallant Lyon fought,
To fall as Winthrop fell!
To fill, perchance, a soldier's grave, —
So, forward! and farewell!

At home the anxious hearts are full
  Of many hopes and fears;
And in the midnight hours alone,
  We shed our bitter tears.
While coming daylight finds us still
  Whispering the loving prayer, —
That God will take our absent ones
  In his Almighty care!

O, mothers, wives, and maidens,
  Have each done what you could,
You've crushed the aching longing
  And sought your country's good.
You've taught your lips to smile "Farewell,'
  And bravely met the day;
While yours the harder lot it is
  To wait, and watch, and pray.

O, women, noble, suffering hearts,
  Hope for a fairer dawn,
The Hand that dealt the trial
  Will give a bright'ning morn.
Pray on, then, with a mighty faith,
  For freedom's right and laws;
That whosoever live or die
  God save his holy cause!

And if they fall (as fall they may)
  With faces to the foe;
In mercy, Father, comfort send
  Together with the blow.

Not only for ourselves we pray,
Our "bravest and our best,"
O, guide them safely through the fray,
Or take them to Thy rest!

MY CURL.

Only a curl of dark-brown hair,
That the sunbeams tinge with gold,
But a wealth of memories nestles there
With their sweet, sad thoughts untold!

On the rosy ray of a sunbeam bright,
Which rests on that silky curl,
I speed to the days of dear delight,
When I was a little girl.

Ah! darling, the spirit bells will chime
Of our childhood's hours again;
Of the dear fond days of olden time,—
We were little lovers then!

In the glad bright days of long ago,
When we knew no grief or care;
There was never trouble of mine, I know,
Which you did not soothe, or share.

So the years sped on their golden way,
Though little we recked, I ween,
Till they told your twenty-first birthday,
And I was just nineteen.

But a storm came o'er the country then,
For the angel, Peace, had fled;

The hills and valleys swarmed with men,
And shook with their onward tread.

On the summer day that curl was shred
When you wore the "Army blue;"
You had come to bid good-by, you said:
Would I sometimes think of you?

You were going for the truth and right,
And I dared not bid you stay!
Ah! well you knew, when you went that night,
You carried my heart away.

O, darling, darling! the tears must fall
As they never fell, ere then;
You were my treasure, my idol, — all!
And you never came home again!

Dead! and I was not there to kiss
Your sweet, pale lips and brow;
Was ever a sorrow as great as this
That is wringing my heart-strings now?

Only a curl of dark brown hair
That the sunbeams touch with gold;
All that remains of a life once fair,
And a gallant heart, now cold.

Nothing left me to love for his sake, —
To cherish with tender care;
Ah, me! No wonder that fond hearts break
Over a curl of hair!

À TOI.

I THINK of you! There ever comes
  Across my golden waking dreams,
An echo of the booming guns,
  A glimpse of distant, busy scenes.

I seem to see the bayonets' gleam,
  I hear the cannon's deadly roar;
And shudder at the battle-scene
  My vivid fancy pictures o'er.

The noble cause for which you fight
  Is still to me as proudly dear;
But read my fears and hopes aright,
  Nor chide me for a woman's tear.

Men go to action — working life,
  That changes ever as they roam;
They stand as heroes in the strife;
  And we? — we pray for them at home!

At home! How very strange it seems
  Our paths should so asunder be!
My life glides on in calmest dreams,
  Yours throb with stern reality.

For when the blushing morning comes
To kiss the dew-drops from the tree,
You wake at beating of the drums,
The birds sing "reveille" to me.

I lay my hand in yours to-day,
I breathe for you a tender prayer, —
God bless my soldier, far away,
God guard and keep him everywhere !

ASPHODEL.

It was only a rude and narrow bed,
And a rough, unshaken pillow,
While the night-winds shrieked through the tent o'erhead,
And moaned on the distant billow.

He was somebody's darling, pale and weak,
With the death-dews on his brow,
And the beautiful bloom of the boyish cheek
Was fading out slowly now.

And they watched the faint breath rise and fall,
Like a wave of the ebbing sea;
But he starts! — for he hears the bugle call,
As it floats o'er lone Tybee.

How the bright blood flies to his pallid brow!
And he gropes for his sabre bright;
But the strong right arm falls helpless now, —
Once so valiant in the fight.

While he calls for his gallant horse once more,
And out on the midnight then
Rang the clarion tones, as they used of yore, —
"They charge! To your guns, my men!"

Alas! no succour came for them. COLUMBIA bowed her head,
O'er Sumter's trampled stripes and stars, what tears of blood were shed,
The outraged nation sprang to arms, to wipe dishonour out,
From east to west the echoes sent their glorious rallying shout.

Four years of bitter war have burned their treason on our souls,
And many a household's treasured one sleeps 'neath the grassy knolls.
How many a martyr's blood has dyed that flag a deeper red;
O God! avenge the crimson stream so murderously shed!

Where are the boasting chivalry, the vaunting Southrons brave?
Vowing that when this stronghold fell, they'd find with her a grave!
They heard their death-knell in the tread of SHERMAN'S gallant men,
And fled to shun the traitor's doom. Up with the flag again!

Laus Deo! Raise the grateful song and waft it o'er the sea,
For Liberty triumphant reigns. *America is free!*
The chains are struck from dusky limbs where'er that banner waves,
COLUMBIA holds a spotless shield above her fallen braves!

Then send the old flag up once more. God bless each
precious fold,
Made sacred by the patriot hands that now are still and
cold,
And carry it with valour on, until in future days
It floats above a new-born land! THE GOD OF FREEDOM
PRAISE!

MY SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Hark! Do you hear the fife and drums?
The troops are marching down this way;
How proudly the battalion comes,
With martial pomp and panoply.

They carry flowers to deck the graves
Of those we loved, — of those who fell
For Freedom! O'er Columbia's braves
Strew laurel and the asphodel.

My eyes are brimming o'er with tears,
As, far away, a grave I see,
Where lies the buried love of years,
And stranger hands strew flowers for me.

They do not know the weary pain,
They cannot feel the grateful joy,
With which I thank them o'er again
For memory of my soldier boy!

To-day I laid a fair, white rose,
Upon a grave, unclaimed, unknown,
With whispered prayer for all of those
Whose hearts are aching like my own.

O ! ever let our banner bright,
Wave proudly o'er the daisied sod,
Where sleep the heroes in their might
Who died for Freedom and for God !

May 30, 1868.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

O! CHAUNT a requiem for the brave, the brave who are no more,
New England's dead! In honoured rest they sleep on hill and shore,
From where the Mississippi now, in freedom, proudly rolls,
To waves that sigh on Georgia's isles, a death-hymn for their souls.

O, first of all, the noble blood by traitorous hand was shed;
It dyed the streets of Baltimore, New England's heroes bled.
And still the mystic number "*Three*" will live for aye in song,
While history tells, with glowing pen, of PUTNAM, SHAW, and STRONG!

Immortal names. O, noble "*three*," a nation's heart will throb
For ye who fell, in manly prime, for Freedom and for God!
And woman's eyes grow dim with tears, and manhood bows its head
Before thy deeds of valor done, New England's honoured dead!

But not alone for those who die a soldier's death of glory,
Full many a brave, heroic soul has sighed its mournful story
Down in the sultry swamps and plains, where fever's subtle breath
Has drained the life-blood from their hearts, and laid them low in death.

As proud a memory yours, O ye who murmured no complaint,
Who saw hope's vision, day by day, grow indistinct and faint;
Who, far from home and loving hearts, from all ye held most dear,
Have died. O, noble, unknown dead, ye leave a record here!

New England! on thy spotless shield inscribe thine honoured dead,
O, keep their memory fresh and green, when turf blooms o'er their head;
And coming nations yet unborn will read, with glowing pride,
Of those who bore thy conquering arms, and suffering, fought and died;
Who, foremost in the gallant van, laid life and honour down;—
O, deck with fadeless bays their names, who've won the martyr's crown!

"DE PROFUNDIS."

A SOUND of wailing fills the stricken land,
O'er our bowed heads the waves of sorrow roll,
Justice and Grief majestic, hand in hand,
Intone a requiem for our Martyr's soul.

A Nation's heart bemoans the mighty dead,
Reft in the hour of priceless victory won;
And Liberty, lamenting, droops her head
Above the ashes of her noblest son.

The starry banner sadly floats above,
The minute-guns come booming on the ear;
Millions of hearts, o'ercharged with grief and love,
Entreat to lay a flower upon his bier.

Behold the mournful pageant passing by!
Our streaming eyes and quivering lips can tell
No purer soul have angels borne on high,
Than his we loved so fervently and well!

Like incense wafted to the heavenly shore
Are loving prayers of those he died to save;—
Whose clanking chains shall fetter them no more:—
The ransomed Freedmen bend o'er LINCOLN'S grave!

Weep, Freedom! When in onward march of years,
The pen of History tells the world his story,
Few, few, will read the record but with tears,
Though twined his name with an immortal glory!

O, tenderly we'll bear him to his rest,
And plant rich seeds, with Spring to rise in bloom;
They'll smile in dewy sweetness, on his breast,
Whispering "RESURGAM!" from the Patriot's tomb

UNDER THE DAISIES.

Fair Spring comes on with her fragrant breath,
And the flowers wake up from their sleep of death;
Opening the violets' dewy eyes,
Over the mound where our dear one lies,
Under the daisies!

Only a year ago to-day
Since we laid him down in the cold, damp clay;
Away from the heart-strings wrung with woe,
Away from the eyes that loved him so,
Under the daisies!

Only a year on its pinions fleet:
But the smile has flown that made life sweet.
The strong, firm arm, the determined brow,
And the brave, true heart are sleeping now
Under the daisies!

Alas! for the eyes that grew so dim,
The mother's heart that has bled for him,
The weary days, and the watch she keeps,
Till they bring him home — *dead!* Ay, he sleeps
Under the daisies!

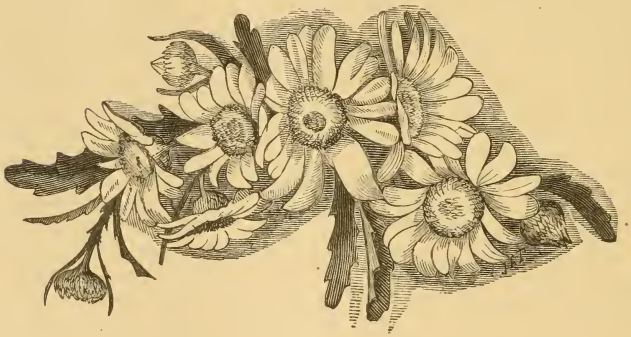
The sunbeams rest on the lowly mound,
And the light grass waves o'er the hallowed ground,
While the distant wavelets' foamy crests
Murmur a requiem as he rests
Under the daisies.

Like the tinted shell of the ocean shore,
Our hearts sigh on for the hopes no more;
And the lips must smile though affection cries,
For the buried love that calmly lies
Under the daisies!

O, War! with thy stern, relentless hand,
Thou hast passed along o'er our peaceful land,
Plucking the dearest from many a hearth,
Laying them down in the chilly earth
Under the daisies.

God pity the hearts that like ours are sore,
For the faces dear that may come no more!
God pity the homes where a vacant chair
Tells of a loved one, still and fair
Under the daisies!

Under the daisies! *he* is not there;
His pure soul lives in our Father's care;
But we cherish all that is left below, —
The quiet grave where the daisies grow.
Praying the links of the riven chain
By our Saviour's hand may be joined again,
And look, through tears, to the Home on high,
Where redeemed souls meet, when our bodies lie
Under the daisies!



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